

GOD OF BATTLES

By FRANK FILON.

Edwardes, listening could plainly hear the sound of the German saps being driven toward the Canadian trenches. It was eerie, listening there by the light of the electric torch, burrowing like a mole beneath the slushy Flanders soil, and crouching knee-deep in water, to prevent striking his head against the timbered roof.

He wondered often whether the Germans had heard him. Each side was projecting a sap against the trenches of the enemy. When the saphead was ready hundred of pounds of gunpowder would be ignited; there would be a devastating explosion, and the trenches, damaged beyond repair, would be occupied by the troops behind.

It was thus a race between the Canadians and the Germans. The map, extended outward from the Canadian lines, was now parallel with that of the enemy, and the extremity of each was barely a dozen yards from that of the other.

The sappers were resting in the traverse behind. Edwardes sat alone in the water, figuring out the plan. So many yards, so many cubic feet of timber. . . . Milly, in Toronto; his thoughts always recurred to her.

As he crouched there, to his astonishment he found that he could hear the voices of the Germans. There was



Edwardes Did Not Throw the Bomb.

a flaw in the ground, a section of the crumbling rock, soft as chalk, had "slipped," probably as a result of the subterranean operations, leaving a crack in the earth, imperceptible, but conveying sounds clearly.

Suddenly the earth rocked about him. He was flung to the bottom of the sap by a terrific explosion. The plank roof collapsed over his head. Stunned, dazed, bewildered, he managed by a supreme effort to keep his face above the water.

In a few moments he understood what had occurred. A shell from a German 42-centimeter gun had fallen squarely above the opening of the sap, obliterating it and destroying all the men of his company.

He stretched out his arms and felt the wall that blocked the entrance. He called in a low voice, but there came no response.

The air was already filled with the creeping fumes of the explosive. Edwardes crawled back toward the saphead. He crouched there, considering. He could still hear the murmur of the voices of the hostile party. But they seemed clearer.

Edwardes felt the earth wall cautiously. His fingers touched the damp, impenetrable mass and found no crevice; yet of a sudden he was amazed to see a tiny twinkling, apparently in the heart of the ground.

He stared at it in doubt; presently he could no longer deny the truth. Incredible as it seemed, the explosion had shaken the collapsing stratum still further, leaving a tiny gap between the two passages. And the enemy worked on, all unconscious of his presence.

The only possible way of escape from his underground hiding place lay through that gap, into the midst of the enemy.

Nonetheless as a mole he began to scrape a way toward the light. But suddenly he remembered that three bombs had been left near his own saphead, in case of surprise. They could not be discharged until the firing pin was withdrawn. He crept back, fumbled in the darkness until he found them, and returned.

Then he began to separate the particles of the earthen wall. The light had disappeared, but the murmurs continued. Evidently the soldiers were moving, probably at work. He surmised that the saphead had been

GET TO KNOW YOUR WORK

Self-Confidence and Hard Work Are the Two Big Factors in a Man's Success.

Get acquainted with your work if you want to be one of the men whom people will look up to. There is no reason why any man should have to be classed among the lethargics. You must have confidence in your own ability to do the big things in life before you can ever expect to accomplish anything which is worth while, the Toledo Times observes.

Those who are prone to consider themselves exempt from hard work have never been known to obtain the success which real people covet. You have to keep working every minute to get anywhere. Just as soon as you stop the other fellow is bound to go ahead.

If you feel that it is better for all concerned that the other fellow have the best things in this life, well and good. However, a man cannot say he has lived a real life if all he has done

AMERICAN AIRMEN WHO AID FRANCE



Left to right: Sergt. Elliott Cowdin, Sergt. Norman Price of Boston and Lieut. William Thaw, three American birdmen who, for daring deeds on the battlefields of France, have been decorated for bravery, and came back to the United States to spend Christmas with their folks at home. Each has received the military medal and the war medal, the latter being the French equivalent of the Iron Cross of Germany. Already they have returned to their duty at the front.

HITS POLAND HARD

Land of Graves Shows War's Greatest Desolation.

More Depressing Than Belgium or East Prussia Is Picture of Ruin and Destruction Over Vast Area of Country.

Warsaw.—Even more depressing than parts of Belgium and East Prussia, the worst parts, is Poland—a land of graves and trenches, of ruin and destruction on a scale that has been wrought nowhere else by the war. The conflict has been waged back and forth across the ancient kingdom so long that agriculture has had but little chance, and, except in those sections where the German forces have been in control for some time, the fields are barren and untilled, scarred by miles upon miles of earthworks.

From the East Prussian boundary to approximately the old Rawka positions there is visible the maximum amount of order and peaceful quiet. At the Rawka, however, the interminable graves with their helmet adorned crosses, the deep slashes in the earth that once were trenches but now are the temporary "homes" of countless refugees, the maze of partly destroyed barbed wire entanglements and the succession of burned and ruined villages begin.

For miles, between Alexandrovo on the boundary and Warsaw, and between Warsaw and Lodz, the old trenches line the railroad, while graves, individual and common, line the trenches. Eastward of Warsaw, however, the trenches virtually stop, for the Russians moved fast once they abandoned the capital of Poland. The trenches stop, but the devastated villages do not. Rather they increase in number, and there is scarcely a railroad station—and no bridges—left standing.

The Poles from time immemorial have been accustomed to building their thatched cottages—huts would be a better word—close together. Accordingly, it was necessary only to set fire to one structure in order to burn them all. In consequence, countless villages have been reduced to forlorn rows of chimneys, which, being of brick and stoutly built, resisted the flames.

Unlike the cities of Poland, the country seems to have been stripped of young men. One sees little else than peasant women, barefoot, ill clad, who struggle under bundles of wood through the mud, and who generally avert their eyes as strangers pass.

The Germans, partly for their own benefit, partly to give employment to the Poles, have done much to put the notoriously bad roads in shape. They have also altered the railroad from the Russian to the German gauge—a stupendous work, for all the main lines are now double track, and at important points huge yards have had to be built to conform to military needs.

The destruction in many parts of Poland is so general that village after village has no single house standing. Both soldiers and the civil population have had to rely on their inventiveness to obtain shelter, and all along the railroad lines freight cars, Russian and German, are being used as houses. In the case of the Russian cars the wheels have been removed, the cars have been set flat on the ground and the interiors fitted up with some degree of comfort.

Carried Baby 250 Miles on Back. South Bethlehem, Pa.—Joseph Danzko has arrived here after a remarkable trip from a northern Canadian town. Danzko carried his ten-month-old baby 250 miles on his back, Indian style, and sustained its life by feeding it with crackers and water.

STRANGER IN THEIR HOME

Surprise for Pennsylvanians on Return From Vacation—Visitor in Jail.

Lewistown, Pa.—When Prof. Norman Stewart of Bucknell university and his wife returned home from spending the Christmas vacation with relatives in New York, they found a stranger occupying their home.

Professor Stewart could not unlock the door, and seeing a light through

LIVE LIKE ADAM AND EVE

Spend Two Months in Maine Woods to Prove Man Can Survive in Wilderness.

Boston.—The weather sometimes gets cold in the Maine woods. In fact, it is said the mercury hibernates in the thermometer bulbs when the spruce trees start popping. And there are wild animals there, too—deer, porcupine, rabbits and even bears. There is no steam heat and there is not a delicatessen about the place.

But all these things did not prevent Walter F. Estes and his 114-pound wife from proving to their friends that they could live in the woods for two months, kill their own food and provide their own clothing, and come out in better health than when they went in.

The lives of Omg and his mate Ik of the paleozoic age were copied by the Estes couple. In the warmer weather when they first entered the forest their clothing was made of leaves and vines. Then came winter's blasts and snow and ice. They wore then the skins of deer and other smaller animals they had caught in deadfalls. Mrs. Estes, by the way, was responsible for the first deer capture. One had run afoul of their trap and, when she discovered it, the animal was about to escape. Mrs. Estes flung her arms about its neck in true primitive style and hung on, too, until her mate arrived.

The flesh of the animals they trapped, with fish, nuts and herbs, made up their menu for the two months. Mrs. Estes came back to civilization—centered in Boston in this case—heavier, and insisting that woman can stand hardships today just as well as her "superior" mate.



ization—centered in Boston in this case—heavier, and insisting that woman can stand hardships today just as well as her "superior" mate.

SPELLING CAUSES HER GRIEF

Never Having Used Final "e" in Spelling "Corps" Woman Misunderstands Message.

Portland, Ore.—Never having used the final "e" in her own spelling of the word "corps," Mrs. Marceline Germain of Donaldson, Mich., was prostrated with grief upon receipt of an official communication announcing the fact that her brother, Joseph Eli Jollicouer, had joined the United States marine corps and had named her as next of kin to be notified in case of death.

"If my brother is a corps, of what did he die?" she wrote to Capt. H. T. Swain in charge of the local recruiting station of the United States marine corps, who had enlisted the man and was responsible for the notification.

The recruiting officer, by return mail, made the sorrowing sister cease mourning, and assured her that the "corps" to which her brother had lately attached himself was the "lives" kind of an organization.

keyhole, rang the doorbell. A well-dressed fellow responded.

"What are you doing here?" the professor asked the stranger.

"I'm here on a visit," was the reply.

"Why, this is my house, and that is my suit you are wearing," the professor declared.

The stranger attempted to escape, but the professor succeeded in locking him in a closet. While her husband was struggling with the intruder Mrs. Stewart telephoned for Sheriff Hack-

IN DARING ESCAPE

Interned British Naval Officer Flees From Denmark.

Takes Back Promise Not to Try to Escape, Then Makes Get-Away While Doubly Guarded Day and Night.

London.—Lieutenant Commander Layton, a British naval officer who was interned at Copenhagen, has just made his escape in exciting circumstances, and arrived here.

At first he was allowed by the Danes a fair amount of liberty on parole, but a few days after his internment began he went to the commandant of the barracks and told him he wished to take back the word of honor he had given not to try to escape.

The commandant, interpreting this as an intimation that he would endeavor to escape, told Layton that he would have to have him very closely watched. His quarters were placed under double guard, and there always seemed to be three or four sentries watching his movements. The prospect of escape seemed small, and, to make matters worse, Layton was seized with a violent influenza cold, which prostrated him for the time being.

Two sentries stood at the door of his room, and they never seemed to relax their vigilance. They were constantly looking through the peephole in the door of Layton's room, to see that matters were all right.

They did it as usual on the particular evening that he escaped. Things were apparently quite in order, and their prisoner was apparently lying on the bed. As a matter of fact, he was not, and at a moment when the attention of one of the sentries was engaged and the other had been sent on an errand, Layton opened the door and slipped into another room, where he found a thick serge civilian suit.

In due course he found himself at a window overlooking the street, and with a rope which he had discovered he lowered himself into a street.

The barracks were on an island, and for better security patrols had been placed everywhere. The escaping officer met two of them, but succeeded by a ruse in passing them.

His next obstacle was the canal. The night was dark and bitterly cold, there being several degrees of frost, but, clothed as he was, Layton took the most direct course, and swam for it. In spite of the fact that he was still suffering from influenza he did this successfully, and having got to land, he took off his clothes and wrung them out, so as to show no obvious signs of water.

On the ferry boat he turned himself into a porter, and managed to get a job of carrying a passenger's bag to the station. There he boarded a train, and in due course reached the docks, where he caught a train to Christiansia.

He used several disguises during the remainder of his voyage to Christiansia, just succeeded in escaping detection, and finally sailed from Bergen to England. On the boat to England a passenger asked him if it was true that he was an American. He replied that he was, whereupon his fellow-traveler remarked:

"If you were not so darned sure about it, I should say you were a British naval officer."

When the travel-stained young Englishman, without money, presented himself before a transport officer at the British port, he was not unnaturally looked upon with suspicion, but he was soon able to establish his identity.

INSISTS KAISER HAS CANCER

Matin Says Artificial Palate Was Considered by French Specialists Before War.

Paris.—The Matin revives the story that the kaiser is suffering from cancer. The paper says a telegram displayed at Zurich on December 24 said that the court physicians at Berlin were of the opinion that the kaiser's illness is due to a fresh manifestation of cancer.

The Matin adds that a practitioner living in Paris was consulted by the German emperor three months before the war concerning the manufacture of an artificial palate if a serious operation on the kaiser's throat were necessary.

SILVER DOLLARS BY MAIL

Ten, Sent One Year Apart, Have Gone Through to Destination Without a Mishap.

Federalburg, Md.—About ten years ago Henry P. Wright of Aberdeen began sending to his sister here, Mrs. Mary Fleetwood, a silver dollar through the mail as a Christmas present. Recently the annual dollar arrived with Mrs. Fleetwood's address on one side and a two-cent stamp on the other. In the ten years that Wright has been sending these unique remembrances to his sister not one has been lost or stolen, neither has it failed to arrive on time.

Home-Made Wireless Kills Girl. Astoria, N. Y.—Mary Koskinsky was electrocuted when she came in contact with the aerials of an amateur wireless instrument in her employer's home. The aerials had crossed with a wire of the electric light plant, which had sagged as a result of a storm.

enber, and the intruder is in the county jail.

Killed Big Eagle.

Rhame, N. D.—While Joe Mery was out with a herd of cattle he espied a large bird sitting on a butte a short distance away, and succeeded in crippling it with his rifle, thereby enabling him to kill the bird. It proved to be a rare specimen of the black or desert eagle of the Nevada, and measured 7 feet 8 inches from tip to tip of its wings.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Internal Revenue Secret Service Is Doing Well

WASHINGTON.—The new "secret service" of the United States bureau of internal revenue has been in full operation for several months. Placed upon a permanent basis by an executive order of the secretary of the treasury, the "flying squad" of special agents is becoming one of the most picturesque of the many government organizations charged with secret duties.

The official statement announcing the permanent organization of this body stated that the success of a temporary body of secret service agents had demonstrated the value of such a force. Through the activities of the organization the bureau has unearthed many frauds against the government which might otherwise have gone undetected. The statement continued:

"These officers will be the personal representatives of the commissioner and, in fact, will be his eyes and ears throughout the country. Violators of the law, or unfaithful employees of the government, if there be any, will not know when the eyes of the commissioner are upon them.

"These agents will be sent into any part of the country where the commissioner has reason to believe that fraud is being committed which it is impossible for the regular revenue officers to uncover. Revenue officers are largely known in their districts, and a strange, unidentified person may be able to detect irregularities where regular officers may fail.

"This action reduces to permanent form the temporary policy which has been followed and which has unearthed numerous frauds on the revenues. It was through the work of a number of similar agents temporarily appointed, that the vast oleomargarine frauds were brought to light. The organization of this force is no reflection on the regular internal revenue force, but is intended to promote the general welfare and efficiency of the service."

Introduction Broker Busy in National Capitol

SENATORS and members of the house have been discussing with surprise, and not to mention indignation, a report that an "introduction broker" has been present session. As in cases of the numerous petty grafters who infest the capitol, it has been found extremely difficult to catch this man "with the goods."

Quotations on introductions, according to the gossip, were \$25 for a senator and \$5 for a member of the house. The rates are varied in accordance with the influence of the senator or representative to whom the introduction was sought and the poignancy of the desire of the person seeking the introduction. It is understood that a cabinet officer may be met in this formal way for \$100, although contracts of this character are taken, it is said, on a contingent fee of smaller proportions, because cabinet officers are not so available as members of congress.

This operator was doing very well until he tried to "take in too much territory." He agreed to introduce a client to a certain public man. They reached the man and when the introduction was accomplished, the public man turned to the introducer and asked him his name and whom he represented. This made the client suspicious and he subsequently told all about the "broker."

Washington has a number of characters of this type, some of whom work among the politicians and others among society folk. As in every other city where society plays a big part, there are innumerable society brokers in Washington. They work a bit more cleverly than the "introduction broker" of the capitol, but they work more slowly.

Washington has a number of characters of this type, some of whom work among the politicians and others among society folk. As in every other city where society plays a big part, there are innumerable society brokers in Washington. They work a bit more cleverly than the "introduction broker" of the capitol, but they work more slowly.

Old Glory Now Being "Made in America" of Cotton

OLD GLORY, to which the patriotic American dotes his hat as typifying the spirit of America, is in about nine cases out of ten not a domestic article. For ever since Betsy Ross made her first American flag, the official emblem of the country and all its auxiliary banners that fly from thousands of public buildings, army posts and ships' masts have been made of woolen bunting—practically all of it imported.

In the future, however, a large proportion of the government's flags will be "made in America," from the planting of the fiber to the sewing of the last stitch in the completed banner. This is assured by the action of the general supply committee of the government, which has heretofore appeared alone, and by the announcement of the treasury department, one of the heaviest users of flags among Uncle Sam's family of departments, that it will in the future use cotton flags almost exclusively.

The action of the supply committee is not one of patriotism alone. When the European war put a stop to the exportation of cotton and there was agitation for putting the South's staple crop to new uses at home the committee became interested in the possibilities of cotton flags, but determined on rigid tests before any action should be taken. Cotton flags were therefore made up and placed on several of the revenue cutters, and samples of cotton-flag goods were sent to the United States bureau of standards for tests. Both kinds of tests were highly favorable for cotton. The flags stood the strain of constant use in all kinds of weather as well as flags of wool, the report from the revenue cutter service said.

White House Mannequins in the National Museum

RECENTLY there has been placed on view in the National Museum a series of lay figures representing the mistresses of the White House under successive administrations running back to Martha Washington, who appears in a gown she used to wear, seated in one of her own chairs, by the side of a Mount Vernon table.

For a modern contrast, Mrs. Grover Cleveland is attired in a wonderful frock of white silk sprinkled over with full-blown roses, the arm loops and upper edge of the corsage decorated with big butterflies of gold and glittering sequins—about a dozen of the gorgeous insects in all, one of them adorning the bosom.

Recent visitors to the museum, as might be expected, find this exhibit remarkably interesting. But sometimes they are critical of the likenesses of the White House ladies. While admitting that many of them are good, they think that others are not first rate.

Back of all this there is a real joke, for, be it understood, the faces of the White House mistresses are not meant to be likenesses at all. In fact, their faces are all the same face, the original of which is the face of a classical statue.

So far as the features are concerned, Martha Washington, Mrs. Cleveland, Mrs. Taft and all the rest are one woman. The important difference is in the arrangement of the hair.

The idea of the exhibit is not to offer a series of portraits of the women concerned, but to show the costumes they wore—these, as a collection, affording a most useful study of phases of fashion in feminine attire as they have succeeded one another since the days of the revolution.

All of the gowns that adorn the lay figures were actually worn by the White House mistresses represented; and even the minor accessories, such as fans, handkerchiefs, tables and chinaware, were personal belongings of the ladies themselves.

ENGLISH SHIP PICTURES SOLD.

Under the existing regulations it is illegal to sell in England a picture post card showing an obsolete war vessel, but post cards bearing illustrations of superdreadnaughts may be exported to Holland and other neutral countries. There is, in fact, no restriction on their export save the obvious prohibition of sale to enemy countries.

But there is nothing to stop German agents buying them in Holland or Sweden, or from their being re-exported from those countries. Even although the object of the regulations "is not to prevent the leakage of information to enemy countries, but to stop the sale to enemy agents within this country of pictures capable of use for the identification of any of his majesty's ships, irrespective of the date of construction," there would seem to be a lack of logic somewhere.